MARVEL
X-MEN 2099
1.25 US
$1.60 CAN
7
APR
UK 95p
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
YOU KNOW HIM AS TIM...
NOW MEET HIM AS...
SKULLFIRE!
DIRECT EDITION

HURRICANE FORCE

BREAKDOWN!
WE CAME IN SEARCH OF A WOMAN NAMED HURRICANE TO LEARN OF HER LINK TO OUR MUTANT PAST.
INSTEAD, YOU AND THE HIGHWAY ROBBERS YOU CALL THE FREAKSHOW ATTACKED MY X-MEN WITHOUT PROVOCATION.
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND YOUR HOSTILITY TOWARDS US--
--BUT I AM PREPARED TO RETURN IT IN KIND.
MUTANT, I DON'T NEED A REASON TO DISLIKE YOU.
YOUR SORRY LOT TRESPASSED IN MY TOWN--
--AND HERE IN IRON HORSE, THAT'S A CAPITAL OFFENSE.
JOHN MOORE - WRITER
RON LIM - PENCILER
JIMMY PALMIOTTI - INKER
KEN LOPEZ - LETTERER
TOM SMITH - COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI - EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO - CHIEF

X-MEN 2099 ™ Vol. 1, No. 7, April, 1994. Published by MARVEL COMICS. Terry Stewart, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. Copyright © 1994 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.25 per copy in the U.S. and $1.50 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: $15.00 U.S., $27.00 foreign, and Canadian subscribers must add $10.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. X-MEN 2099 (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO X-MEN 2099, c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING CORP. SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 1979 DANBURY, CT 06813-1979. TELEPHONE # (203) 743-0331. PRINTED IN USA.

UGHNNN--MUST HAVE LOST CONSCIOUSNESS FOR A MOMENT--
LAST THING I REMEMBER, PSYCLONE KNOCKED ME INTO A WALL WITH HER TWISTERS!
X'IAN FACING OFF AGAINST THE DEGENS' LEADER!--
--NEED THE TIME TO DISTRACT PSYCLONE AND THE OTHERS WHILE MY HEAD CLEARS--
IF BREAKDOWN CONNECTS, THAT MUTANT'S DEAD.
HIS TOUCH IS DEADLY.
--CAN'T USE MY PSYCHIC DAMPENING ABILITIES WITH A BASS DRUM POUNDING IN MY BRAIN.
SCIENCE GAVE ME A TRANSMUTAGENIC TOUCH--MY HANDS CAN MOLECULARLY RESTRUCTURE ANYTHING THEY CONTACT.
* DEGENS ARE GENETICALLY ENGINEERED HUMANS.
I CAN TURN YOU TO STONE, TURN YOU TO GLASS. THE EFFECT IS VARIABLE--A ROLL OF THE DICE.
--AND ANY WAY THEM BONES LAND, YOU LOSE.
YOU PUT TOO MUCH STOCK IN THE FEAR YOU BELIEVE YOU ENGENDER--
--WHEN YOU SHOULD RELY ON SKILL, NOT MELODRAMATIC POSTURING.
ZOK
OH, MUTANT, I'M GOING TO ENJOY HURTING YOU.
OH, YEAH.

PSYCLONE, WE MUST SEE IF BREAKDOWN NEEDS...
...URK...
TANTRUM IS OUT BEFORE SHE COULD UNLEASH ANOTHER VOCAL STORM. NOW FOR PSYCLONE--
TANTRUM!
AND SO, MY ELEMENT OF SURPRISE DISAPPEARS.
WHUMP
EDDIE, I'M SORRY-- IF I HADN'T KNOCKED YOU INTO CONTAGION--
--HE COULDN'T HAVE INFECTED YOU WITH THE DISEASE THAT'S WARPING YOUR--
SHAKT!-- SOMEBODY-- HE'S GOING INTO CONVULSIONS--
FITZ... HELP ME... PLEASE...
WHOOSH
WHOOSH
WHOOSH
STOP... YOU ARE MAKING DOMINIC'S HEAD SPIN--
DON'T WANT TO FIGHT... NO MORE...
NOW WE WILL FIND WHO WIELDS THE MORE DESTRUCTIVE POWER...
YOUR VOICE FALTERS, MUTANT...
...DO YOU FEEL YOUR FLESH SHUDDER AT HER TOUCH?

BREAKDOWN, LET ME TAKE THE MUTANT OUT.
NO HELP, PSYCLONE--
--I'LL FINISH THIS ARROGANT NOMAD OFF MYSELF.
PERHAPS YOU WILL DIE TRYING.
YOU TIRE--YOUR BREATHING GROWS MORE LABORED.
I SEE THE WORRY BEHIND YOUR EYES.
YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ME! PAIN ONLY MAKES ME STRONGER, MUTANT!
WE ARE BROTHERS OF CANCER, BREAKDOWN. AND THE PAIN THAT WRACKS US NOW IS EQUAL TO THE PAIN WE INFLICT.
UNTIL ONE OF US FALLS THEN...
ZZZRAK
BREAKDOWN!
XI'AN?
WOW.

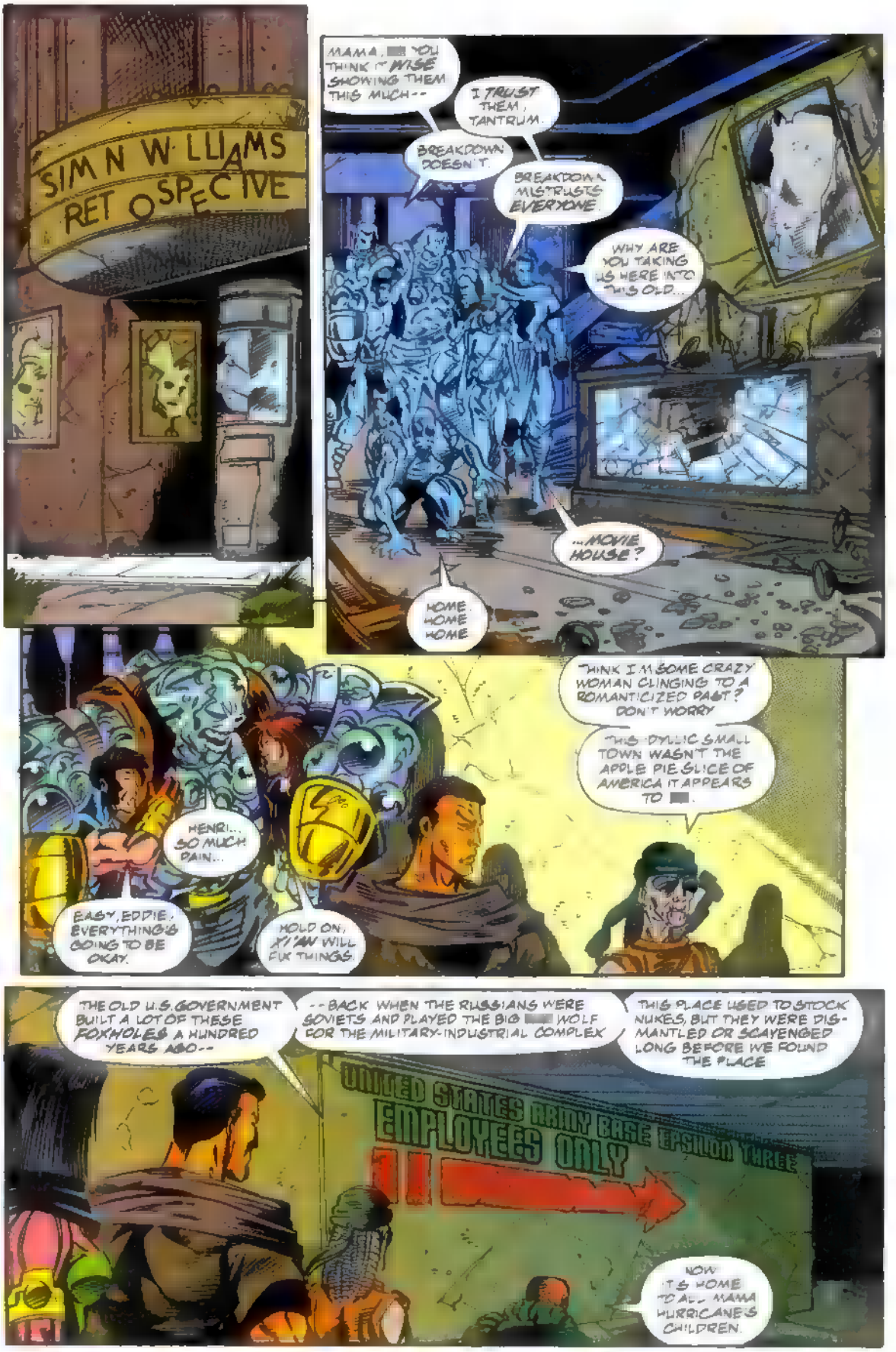
SEEMS WE CANCEL EACH OTHER OUT EXPLOSIVELY.
...CONSIDER THIS A DRAW?
NEVER! I'LL POUND YOU INTO THE ASPHALT!
SO BE IT-- YOUR M--
SKROWW
NOW, NOW, CHILDREN, THAT'S NO WAY TO BEHAVE.
AND BREAKDOWN-- YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO RUMBLE IN THE STREETS
YOU WANT TO BE PICKED UP IN A SATCAM SWEEP? WE DON'T NEED EVERY TRACKER AND HOUND TAGGING US BECAUSE OF YOUR TEMPER!
YOU KNOW HE CAN'T CONTROL HIMSELF, MAMA. TOO MUCH MACHISMO.
TU SABES ES VERDAD, MI HERMANO.
ROSA, IF YOU WEREN'T-- NEVER MIND. LATER, CHICA.
WHO?

MAMA HURRICANE, MUTANT.
THEN WE'VE FOUND HER.
NORMALLY SHE KEEPS A LOWER PROFILE.
WHEN MY CHILDREN AREN'T STREETFIGHTING IN PLAIN VIEW.
NO ONE KNOWS WE'RE SQUATTING IN THIS OLD TOWN--
HOW DID YOU FIND US, BUCKY?
I AM X'IAN CHI XAN. THESE ARE THE X-MEN, AND THEY ARE QUITE RESOURCEFUL.
MAMA'S BACK! HOORAY!
WHEN THEY ASKED ABOUT YOU, MAMA, WE ASSUMED THEY WERE MORE BIOSHOP TRACKERS.
IN THAT CONSPICUOUSLY CAMOUFLAGED VAN THAT'S LYING UPSIDE DOWN ON MAIN STREET.
YOU KNOW TRACKERS BETTER THAN THAT.
I HAD THINGS UNDER CONTROL.
I TAKE A ROAD TRIP, AND YOU TURN OUR QUIET LITTLE TOWN INTO A COMBAT ZONE. RIGHT.
YOUR TIME WILL COME, MUTANT.
WE'VE SEEN YOUR PIRATE BROADCASTS. THE "PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS."
BUT DECADES AGO, THERE WAS ANOTHER HURRICANE WHO LED MUTANTS TO SAFETY DURING THE PURGE.
THAT WAS A LIFETIME AGO, GIRL--
BUT IF YOU'RE REALLY CALLING YOURSELF X-MEN--
WE NEED TO TALK.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.
TEN HOURS OF BACKROAD DRIVING AND THIS IS MY DESTINATION?
NOT MUCH HERE.
I WISH XI'AN WEREN'T SO MYSTERIOUS IN HIS DIRECTIONS.
"MAKE THE TRIP ALONE. TELL NO ONE WHAT YOU FIND EXCEPT ME."
IT'S SO INFURIATING.
RARF RARF
HELLO PUPPY. MY NAME'S KRYSTALIN.
FETCH.
BRUFF BRUFF BRUFF
KNOK KNOK
NO ANSWER.
OKAY, KRYS, STOP WAITING FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO MAKE A DECISION. TAKE THE INITIATIVE.
XI'AN TRUSTED ME.
TAKE CHARGE.
HELLO... IS ANYONE HERE?

THE HEAT! THE SMOKE!
WHAT IS THIS PLACE...?
THE FLAMES ARE RISING TOO CLOSE!
NO!

WAIT. I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
I'M NOT BURNED.
OF COURSE NOT.
THE INFERNO'S NOTHING MORE THAN A HOLOGRAPHIC INSTALLATION.
THE VISUALS COMBINED WITH A THERMOSTATIC CONTROL AND AN ARTICULATED VENTILATION SYSTEM PEPPERED WITH THE HINT OF SULFUR AND BRIMSTONE.
YOUR MIND MAKES THE SCENE MORE REAL THAN ITS ACTUALITY.
WHO ARE YOU?
VICTOR TEN EAGLES. AND SINCE YOU'VE WALKED INTO MY WORKSHOP, MAYBE I SHOULD ASK THE QUESTIONS.
I DON'T LIKE INTRUDERS. GIVE ME A REASON NOT TO THROW YOU OUT OF HERE.
XI'AN SENT ME.
HE SAID TO GIVE YOU THIS.

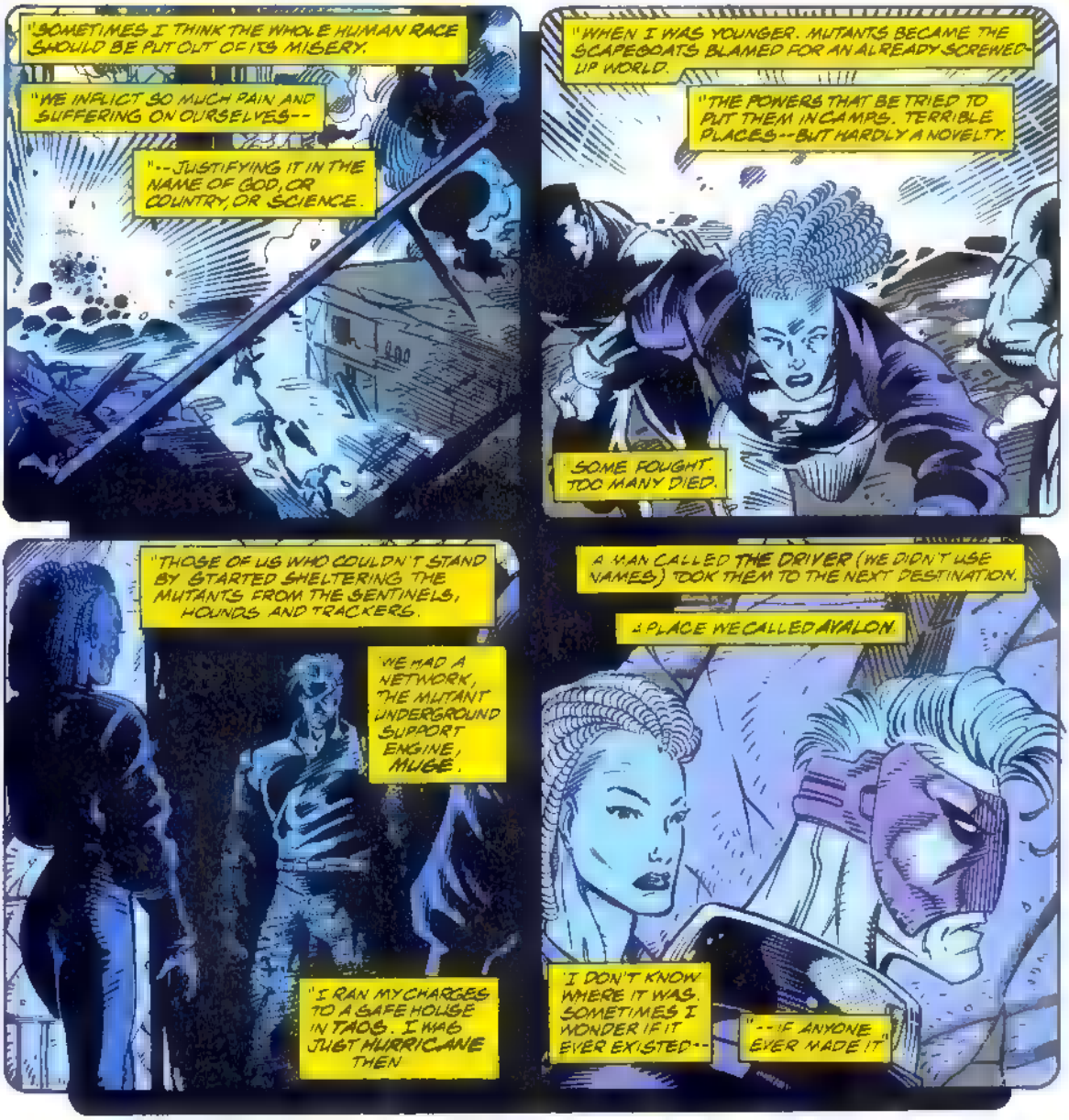

SIM N W LLIAMS
RET OSPECTIVE
MAMA, ■ YOU THINK IT WISE SHOWING THEM THIS MUCH--
I TRUST THEM, TANTRUM.
BREAKDOWN DOESN'T.
BREAKDOWN MISTRUSTS EVERYONE.
WHY ARE YOU TAKING US HERE INTO THIS OLD...
...MOVIE HOUSE?
HOME. HOME. HOME.
THINK I'M SOME CRAZY WOMAN CLINGING TO A ROMANTICIZED PAST? DON'T WORRY
THIS IDYLLIC SMALL TOWN WASN'T THE APPLE PIE SLICE OF AMERICA IT APPEARS TO ■.
HENRI... SO MUCH PAIN...
EASY, EDDIE. EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE OKAY.
HOLD ON, XI'AN WILL FIX THINGS.
THE OLD U.S. GOVERNMENT BUILT A LOT OF THESE FOXHOLES A HUNDRED YEARS AGO--
--BACK WHEN THE RUSSIANS WERE SOVIETS AND PLAYED THE BIG ■ WOLF FOR THE MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX
THIS PLACE USED TO STOCK NUKES, BUT THEY WERE DISMANTLED OR SCAVENGED LONG BEFORE WE FOUND THE PLACE
UNITED STATES ARMY BASE EPSILON THREE
EMPLOYEES ONLY
NOW IT'S HOME TO ALL MAMA HURRICANE'S CHILDREN.

YOUR CHILDREN?
SPIRIT, NOT BLOOD
I ALWAYS DID PICK UP STRAYS
THEY WERE DISCARDED BY THE GENETICS LABS AS TOO UNSTABLE OR DANGEROUS.
HERE THEY HAVE A FAMILY.
SYNTHIA SMITH
BUT IF THE FREAKSHOW IS ALL DEGENE--WHERE IS THE MUTANT I SENSED EARLIER?*
I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE ONE OF THE FREAK-SHOW, BUT I WAS WRONG
OF COURSE--
ROSA, YOU'RE PREGNANT?--
THREE MONTHS NOW. YOU SHOULDA SEEN ME WITH MORNING SICKNESS
I SHOULD BE THAT LUCKY
THE FATHER WAS A JERK
I HAVE AN EMPATHETIC RESPONSE TO THE PROXIMAL PRESENCE OF MUTANTS. YOUR CHILD IS ONE.
FIGURES. NO WAY MY BABY WAS EVER GONNA BE NORMAL.
*LAST ISSUE
I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT CHROMOSOMAL ENGINEERING RENDERED ITS SUBJECTS STERILE.
AAAAGHHH!

XI'AN! THE PAIN!
I AM HERE, MY FRIEND
XI'AN, YOU MUST HELP HIM NOW!
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE REACT TO CONTAGION'S TOUCH LIKE THAT.
EDDIE'S BODY CREATES A MIMETIC EPIDERMAL ANALOG TO METALS.
IN HIS FEVERED STATE HIS BODY IS NOT ONLY CHANGING SHAPE BUT SHIFTING ITS METALLIC ANALOG AT AN ALARMING RATE.
YOU-- YOU DID THIS!
MAKE HIM WELL AGAIN, OR I----
I CAN DO NOTHING, MUTANT-- I AM THE DISEASE, NOT THE ANTIDOTE
AND IF YOU THREATEN ME, YOU RISK YOUR OWN HEALTH
HENCE ENOUGH-- MORE VIOLENCE CANNOT HELP EDDIE.
BUT YOUR HEALING POWERS CAN.
THE PAIN... SO HARD TO ENDURE... MAKE IT STOP.
TRY TO MOVE PAST THE PAIN.
FIND THE BEAT OF MY PULSE CONCENTRATE ON THE RHYTHM.

I WILL TAKE THE PAIN FROM YOU.
YOUR SICKNESS WILL BECOME MINE.
TOGETHER WE DEFEAT THE DISEASE
HHH
TOGETHER!
I HAVE DONE ALL I CAN.
I'VE STOPPED THE INFECTION, BUT COULD NOT REVERSE ITS PHYSICAL EFFECTS.
I CAN'T TURN BACK, XI'AN.
YOU PAY A PRICE FOR THE HEALING GIFT, DON'T YOU?
YOU HAVE TO SUFFER, TOO
I CAN'T TURN BACK.
BE STRONG, CHILD. MAMA KNOWS HOW MUCH IT HURTS.
SHAKTI, USE YOUR POWER TO KNOCK EDDIE OUT.
HE'S BETTER OFF UNCONSCIOUS FOR A WHILE.

LATER.
YOUR X-MEN SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO TRACK ME HERE, XI'AN.
I THOUGHT I'D SCRAMBLED THE SIGNAL PATHS OF MY PIRATE 'CASTS MORE CAREFULLY.
THERE'S A RING OF SPACE JUNK SATELLITES ORBITING EARTH--SOME OF WHICH STILL WORK.
WE USE THEIR OLD NET-LINK SYSTEMS TO OBSCURE OUR SIGNAL AND INFILTRATE CORPORATE FREQUENCIES.
I LIKE TO SHAKE THINGS UP WITH A RAPID FIRE SHOT OF THE TRUTH.
ANOTHER HURRICANE REPORT FOR ALL MY CHILDREN--
CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF SYNTHIA'S PSEUDO-STEAK--?
MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE THEY'VE BEEN LACING THE THE ARTIFICIAL MEAT WITH A RHAPSODY DERIVATIVE.
THAT HURRICANE FOSSIL AGAIN. THAT WOMAN'S INTERRUPTIONS ARE BEGINNING TO ANNOY ME.
IT'S NOT JUST OUR LINES, DESDEMONA, I HEAR SHE'S CRACKED LOCAL STARK/FUJIKAWA AND ALCHEMAX LINES, TOO.
YOU'RE A WOMAN AFTER MY OWN HEART.
FOR THE RECORD, YOUR SIGNAL WAS AS CLOSE TO UNTRACEABLE AS IT GETS.
I JUST KNOW A FEW THINGS ABOUT GUERILLA MEDIACASTING MYSELF.
THIS IS NOT WHY WE SOUGHT YOU, MOTHER.
IN THE PAST WHEN MUTANTS WERE HUNTED LIKE ANIMALS AND ROUNDED INTO CONTAINMENT CENTERS--
--A WOMAN NAMED HURRICANE HELPED MANY MUTANTS TO SAFETY DURING THAT DARK TIME.
ARE YOU THAT WOMAN?
THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.


"SOMETIMES I THINK THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE SHOULD BE PUT OUT OF ITS MISERY.
"WE INFLICT SO MUCH PAIN AND SUFFERING ON OURSELVES--
"--JUSTIFYING IT IN THE NAME OF GOD, OR COUNTRY, OR SCIENCE.
"WHEN I WAS YOUNGER. MUTANTS BECAME THE SCAPEGOATS BLAMED FOR AN ALREADY SCREWED-UP WORLD.
"THE POWERS THAT BE TRIED TO PUT THEM IN CAMPS. TERRIBLE PLACES--BUT HARDLY A NOVELTY.
SOME FOUGHT. TOO MANY DIED.
"THOSE OF US WHO COULDN'T STAND BY STARTED SHELTERING THE MUTANTS FROM THE SENTINELS, HOUNDS AND TRACKERS.
WE MAD A NETWORK, THE MUTANT UNDERGROUND SUPPORT ENGINE, MUSE.
"I RAN MY CHARGES TO A SAFE HOUSE IN TAOS. I WAS JUST HURRICANE THEN
A MAN CALLED THE DRIVER (WE DIDN'T USE NAMES) TOOK THEM TO THE NEXT DESTINATION.
A PLACE WE CALLED AVALON.
"I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT WAS. SOMETIMES I WONDER IF IT EVER EXISTED--
"--IF ANYONE EVER MADE IT"

WHO CARES ABOUT THE INJUSTICES PAST? LIFE IS HARD. NO ONE DIES UNSCATHED.
I LEARNED A LONG TIME AGO I COULDN'T SAVE EVERYONE.
BUT I'M GONNA TRY TO SAVE A FEW.

OUTSIDE
AMS
SIM N WLLI
IVE
RET.OSPEC
CENTRAL DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND A SEEKER WITH US
WE CAN HANDLE A FEW ROGUE DEGENS.
THOSE DEGENS ICED WALLIS, AND LEFT YOU TIED UP IN YOUR UNDERWEAR.
BE GLAD CENTRAL'S GIVEN YOU AND ANDERSON A SECOND CHANCE.
MAMA--INTRUDERS
OUR QUARRY'S BELOW GROUND. FOLLOW THE BLUEPRINTS WE DOWN-LOADED FROM THE ARCHIVES.
REMEMBER, THE LAB WANTS THE SALAMANDER ALIVE.
FEEL FREE TO WASTE THE OTHER DEGENS.
I'M GETTING STATIC
SKKZZZ
SAME HERE. CAN'T GET ANY READING AT ALL.
WE'RE BEING JAMMED!
BY ME!
I RADIATE ENERGY THAT INTERFERES WITH THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SPECTRUM.
HEADS UP. I'VE GOT VISUAL ON FOUR HOSTILES MOVING OUR WAY.
HOSTILE DOESN'T BEGIN TO DESCRIBE US.

BACK FOR MORE?
WOOOSH
UNGHH!
I CAN STOP YOU WHERE YOU STAND, TRACKER--
BLACKING OU...
APPARENTLY, YOU'RE NOT.
KRAKK
KRAKK
KRAKK
KRAKK
TWO DOWN ALREADY! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE BETTER THAN THIS.
AMATEURS! GIVE THEM A SUIT OF ARMOR AND THEY THINK THEY'RE INVINCIBLE--
WHAM
THAT'S WHY CENTRAL SENT ME.
YOU CAN'T RELY ON EXO-SKELETAL STRENGTH OR EVEN PSIONIC BUFFERS TO DO EVERYTHING.
TELL YOUR MASTERS THEY CAN SEND EVERY TRACKER AND SEEKER IN THEIR KENNEL AFTER US--
--BUT THE FREAKSHOW PROTECTS 'TS OWN.

ZZZKKROW
BREAKDOWN, I WAS WARNED ABOUT YOU AND YOUR NASTY DISPOSITION.
HOPE YOU LIKE THAT ELECTRICAL CHARGE
YOU KNOW THERE'S A BOUNTY ON YOUR UGLY HEAD.
DEAD OR...
KROW
IT WON'T WORK, LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, MY ARMOR'S INSULATED.
I MEANT ONLY TO GET YOUR ATTENTION.
TIMOTHY, NOW!
IT'S ABOUT TIME.
ANOTHER ONE--
SYSTEMS ARE SHUTTING DOWN? WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I'M SIPHONING ALL THE ENERGY FROM YOUR ARMOR--
ABSORBING IT.
BUT DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT GOING TO KEEP IT--
I'M GONNA GIVE IT ALL RIGHT BACK TO YOU--

WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND.
I WILL TAKE IT FROM HERE, MUTANT.
THINK, SEEKER, IF I CAN DO THIS TO YOUR HELMET--
WHAT CAN I DO TO YOUR FACE?
NO. THERE'S NO NEED.
DON'T ASSUME BECAUSE YOU HELPED US THAT YOU HAVE ANY STAKE IN OUR FIGHT.
DESTROY THE ARMOR. THEN, THE MAN IS INCONSEQUENTIAL.
MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY.

BREAKDOWN, YOU ALWAYS MAKE THINGS MORE DIFFICULT THAN THEY HAVE TO BE.
I'D GLADLY KILL THEM ALL. EVERY TRACKER, EVERY MEDTECH, EVERY CORPORATE EXEC.
THEY MADE US DIFFERENT AND THEY HATE US FOR IT.
BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THAT WAY--
THERE WILL COME A TIME WHEN YOU CAN LIVE AS YOU CHOOSE.
I DON'T BELIEVE IN THE CITY OF AVALON, XI'AN.
C'MON, RSYCLONE, LET'S LEAVE THESE KIDS TO THEIR FAIRYTALE DREAMS...
BREAK-DOWN...
YOU THINK HE MAY BE RIGHT...
NO, I...
YOU SEE TOO MUCH OF YOURSELF IN HIM. I CAN TELL.
I HEARD STORIES OF THE LAWLESS.
I HAVE PUT THAT PART OF THE PAST... BEHIND ME.
LIAR...

YOU'VE MADE YOUR CHOICE. MAYBE BREAKDOWN WILL TOO. SOMEDAY.
YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN NOT TO RUN AWAY, BUT MOVE TOWARDS SOMETHING.
AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING, XI'AN CHI XAN?
AVALON.
FAIRY-TALE OR NOT--
I NEED TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MUTANTS WHO ESCAPED THE PURGE.

THE SANGRE DE CRISTO MOUNTAINS.
ALMOST THERE.
I CAN'T SEE TOO WELL IN THE DARK.
YOU DEPEND TOO MUCH ON YOUR EYES.
THAT SOUNDS FUNNY COMING FROM A MAN WHO SPECIALIZES IN ILLUSION.
I KNOW THE DIFFERENCE. MOST PEOPLE DON'T.
YOU SOUND LIKE XI'AN.
HAH! THAT'LL BE THE DAY!
WHY DID XI'AN SEND ME HERE-- TO YOU--?
WE RODE TOGETHER IN THE LAWLESS.
EVEN THOUGH THINGS GOT BAD WHEN THE GROUP DISBANDED, WE'RE STILL CONNECTED.
THAT'S WHY I KNEW HE'D WANT TO SEE THIS.
TAKE A LOOK.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE HEROIC AGE?
IT CAN'T BE...
NEXT: THE GLORY OF DISCOVERY!